

In the Hands of the Cave Dwellers.

A Story of an Apache Raid.

BY G. A. HENTY.

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CHAPTER I.

It was late in the evening at San Diego, in the autumn of the year 1882; there was no moon, but the stars shone so brightly in the clear dry atmosphere that it was easy to distinguish objects at some little distance. A young fellow, in the dress of a sailor, was making his way through the narrow streets that bordered the port, when he heard a sudden shout, followed by fierce exclamations and Mexican oaths. Without pausing to consider whether it was prudent to interfere, the young fellow

beside, it would give us a deal of trouble. No, leave them where they lie. The one I struck at least will never get up again. Now, senior, may I ask the name of your preserver? Mine is Juan Sagasta."

"Mine is William Harland," the sailor replied.

"We are friends for life, senior Harland," the Mexican said, as he held out his hand and gripped that of the sailor warmly. "Where are you staying?"

"I am staying nowhere at present," the sailor laughed. "I deserted from my ship three days ago, bought a supply of food, and have been some miles up the country. I know that the vessel was to sail today, and I came back again and watched her go out just before sunset, and have been sitting on a

ventured to promise that you would extend your hospitality to him."

"My house is at your service, senior," the Mexican said, courteously. "One who has rendered so great a service to my friend, Don Juan Sagasta, is my friend also." Christina, ring the bell and tell the servants to bring hot water and clothes, and then do you go to your room while we attend to Don Juan's injuries."

The wounds proved to be by no means serious; they were all on the forearm, and, having to pierce through six or seven inches of cloth, had not penetrated very far. They had, however, bled freely, and, although the young man laughed at them as mere scratches, he looked pale from the loss of blood.

"A few bottles of good wine and I shall be all right again."

"I must apologize for not having asked you before," senior Guzman said to Harland, when the wounds were banded. "But have you supper?"

"Yes, thank you, valiente," he bought some food as I came through the town, and I ate it as I was waiting at the port."

"Have you any luggage that I can send for?"

"I have a kit-bag, which I will fetch myself in the morning. It is out on the plain. I did not care to bring it from the town, and the pack of the vessel I came in had sailed."

"I can lend you some things for the night," Juan said. "He is a little taller than I am, but it will be near enough." Some wine and biscuits were now brought in and some excellent cigars produced.

"Were they thieves that attacked you," asked senior Guzman, his host asked, after the latter had given a detailed account of his adventure.

"I cannot say, but I own I have an idea that it was my life that they wanted rather than my valuables. I have a fancy that a man was following me, and I went to see the man I had spoken to about the mules. Coming back I heard a whistle behind me, and twenty yards further three men sprang out and one ran up from behind, so that I don't think that it was a chance encounter."

"Do you suspect any one?"

The young Mexican hesitated a moment before he answered. "No, senior, I have no quarrel with any one."

"I do not see how, indeed, you could have an enemy," Don Guzman said, "seeing that you have been here for a fortnight; still, it is curious. However, I have no doubt that there are plenty of fellows in the town who would put a knife between your teeth if they thought he was likely to have a few dollars in his pocket. Your watch chain may have attracted the eye of one of these fellows, and he may have thought it with the watch attached to it, well worth the trouble of getting it, and would have considered it an easy matter, with three comrades, to make short work of you, though I can assure you when you showed fight so determinedly I wonder they did not make off, for, as a rule, these fellows are rank cowards."

Will Harland observed that when the don asked if Juan had any suspicions as to the author of the attempt, Donna Christina, who had returned to the room when the wounds were dressed, glanced toward him, as if anxious to hear his answer. Putting that and the young Mexican's momentary hesitation together, he at once suspected that both he and the girl had some idea as to who was at the bottom of this attempt. The subject was no further alluded to, the conversation turning upon the United States.

"Concerning which the Mexican asked Harland many questions. 'It is a pity so great a distance divides us from them,' he said. 'It is more effective than any ocean, and yet perhaps if we were nearer neighbors you people would disturb our quiet life here. They are restless, and forever pushing forward, while we abhor changes, and live as our fathers did 300 years ago, and see the mountains act as a barrier to us, and we have never even tried to extend the territory we occupy beyond the strip of land between the coast and the mountains, and indeed, that is ample for us. Our population has decreased rather than increased, since Mexico declared its independence in 1821, and took what I have always considered, the ill-advised step of expelling all the Spaniards residents about six years ago.'

"Now that we in this province took a very active part in the civil wars that for ten years raged in Central Mexico, but although the Spanish authorities were bad masters, it must be granted that, while they were here, there was more trade and commerce than there has since been, and that the advantages all expected to secure from the revolution have by no means been obtained. It is curious that the same has been the case in the other countries that gained their independence. In Central America there are constant troubles, in Peru things have gone backward rather than forward, and Chile alone shows signs of enterprise and advancement. However, these things do not concern us greatly; we live by the land and not by the trade; we have all we want, or can desire, and live like the patriarchs of old on our flocks and herds."

"Don Juan's father, a man of vigor and courage, has shown more enterprise than any of us, for before the beginning of the troubles he moved up a valley running into the heart of the mountains, and established himself there. He had large flocks and herds, and his land was insufficient to support them, and, in spite of the warnings of all his friends, he determined to move. So far he has proved himself a wise

caused quite a sensation in this part of the province."

"Does your father often come down here himself, Don Juan?"

"He generally comes down once a year to arrange for the disposal of the increase of his cattle, that is to say, of the flocks and herds, as to the meat it is practically of no value. Of course, the bullocks are killed on the estate, the daily consumption is large, for he has upward of fifty peons and vaqueros, but of course this is a comparatively small item, for he generally kills from 15,000 to 20,000 animals, the carcasses are boiled down for the fat, and that and the hides are packed on great rafts and sent down to the coast. His place is only a few miles from the Colorado river. When he comes down here, he takes up a ship which he sends round to Loreto, and thence up to the mouth of the Colorado."

"How far is this place from here?"

"About 200 miles."

"I should have thought it would have been better to have them here."

"No, there is a range of hills about half way between this place and the coast, across which it would be difficult to get them. Another thing is that there is scarce any food by the way, rain seldom falls here, and although the land is very rich when irrigated, it affords but a scanty growth in its wild state, and a herd of 20,000 bullocks could scarcely exist on the road, and even if they got here, would have lost so much fat that they would scarce pay for boiling down."

"They sat smoking in the veranda until nearly midnight, and Don Guzman then conducted the young sailor to the chamber that had been prepared for him."

(To be Continued.)

FRENCHMAN'S TRAINING.

From the Birth of the Infant of Fashion to Marriage.

(Richard Whiting in the Century.)

The training for trifles begins at birth with the infant of fashion. It is very much the business of his nurse to see that light and air do not visit him too roughly. His swaddling-clothes are a marvel of completeness as non-conductors of the winds of heaven. As soon as he is old enough to understand things you see him toddling out with his tutor, a grave ecclesiastic, who watches over him at work and play, and puts the right notions into his mind. The ties thus formed are never wholly severed. The priest attends to all the goings out and the comings in. When ball is the game, he is there to see his charge does not hurt himself, nor hurt the ball. He makes the lad gravely polite, and grounds him in the teaching of the public examinations. The court directs the studies, and determines proficiency in them by question and answer. Tutor and pupil prepare as best they can in the interval.

The essence of the system is the exclusion of everything from the boy's mind that ought not to be there. So he is under the strict supervision from first to last. The priest takes him to the court and fetches him away again. When he goes to the lycée, or public school, it is much the same. The valet takes the place of the priest, and fetches and carries with due provision of muffer and umbrella for rainy days. So it goes on until the time of the great change, when, perhaps, the father is sent to Saumur, the great cavalry school. Then, for the first time, he has to stand alone, and father, mother, nurse, valet and priest have to say good-bye. It is always an anxious moment—especially so for the neophyte.

The bound from tutelage to the very sense of liberty, moral and intellectual, is a marked characteristic of the French system. Marriage makes the trembling nuptial of a girl a finished woman of the world. A fast shave converts the gawky schoolboy into the ape of a boulevardier, vices and all. The transformation is as sudden as anything in eastern magic. He was a boy after his time under the tutelage system. He becomes a man before his time at Saumur, and he generally goes through a stage of puppyism which is a trial for his friends. This is the period of his first duel, a thing done on the sly, and revealed to his horrified mother only after the scratch has healed. By and by there may be other escapades of a more serious nature. But the mother is still there to find out all about them almost before they happen, and the watchful father is at hand to see that they entail a minimum of scandal.

At this stage his people begin to think of marrying him, and here again all is provided for by the ever-watchful system. It is the mother's business to learn the whereabouts of ingenious doubly dowered with virtue and with millions. The marriage is arranged—the term has a more than usually deep significance in France—and the pair have a chance of living happily ever after, if they know how to make the best of it. It is no bad chance. Though the French marriage is not, in the first instance, based on love, it is supposed never to take place until liking, at least, is assured. The rest is expected to come as a matter of growth. The theory is that any two persons of about equal age, circumstances and breeding, if only they start fair in friendship, will learn to love each other by the mere accident of companionship and the identity of interests. The odd thing is that they very often do.

The wife has been still more carefully brought up, in her way. Nothing can exceed the more than Hindu sanctity of know-nothingism in which the mind of the young French girl is shrouded from birth. At the convent she has had the wall between her and a wicked world. Her whole art of polite conversation with a man is little more than "Oul, monsieur." "Non, monsieur." After a dance she must be safely and swiftly deposited—a sort of returned empty—by her mother's side, and during that brief flutter of freedom it is not good form to take advantage of the absence of the parent bird.

The picture galleries are considered to mark the limit of taste. "Gyp" has assured us in many a cynical page that the ingenue is not half such a simpleton as she looks. But it must not be forgotten that "Gyp" has largely invented a type of her own business uses. The real article, while it is not exactly a lamb in innocence, is still happily unaware of most of the evil going on in the world. Here, as military life was the great change for the boy, marriage is the greater change for the girl. She passes at once into a sphere in which she is considered fair game for any allusion to anything within the bounds of good breeding. She rises to her opportunity, or to the stern duties of her station, whichever way you choose to put it, and in a surprisingly short time comes out as the finished woman of the world. This is the English way. I neither blame it nor defend it; I do not even try to account for it. I simply say what it is.

Scribing and Prescribing.

"Friend—I think that you were on the telephone, doctor."

Celebrated Physician (noted for his bad handwriting)—I used to be, but I was obliged to give it up."

"Friend—How was that?"

Celebrated Physician—Well, the fact is that I was worried by my life by continual calls from frantic chemists who couldn't read my prescriptions, and so I had it taken away."

"Friend—I wonder what the chemists do now."

Celebrated Physician—By Jove! I never thought of that. I think I must learn typewriting."

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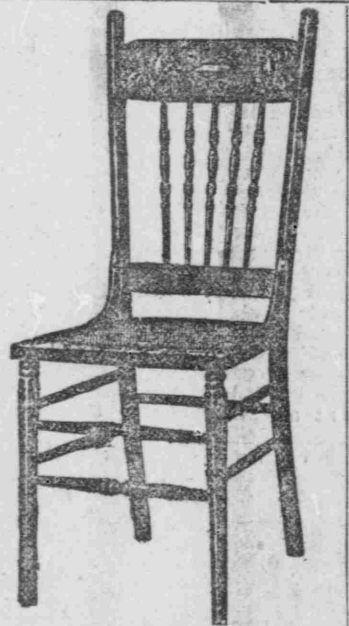
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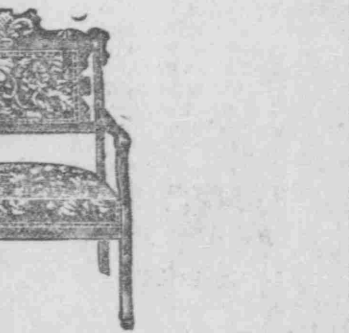
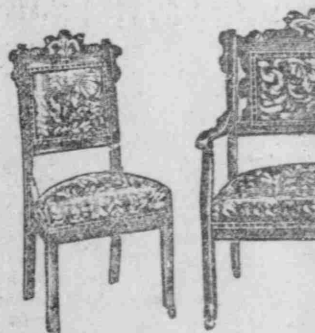
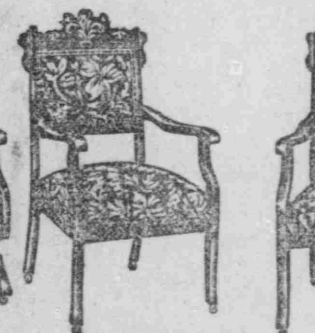
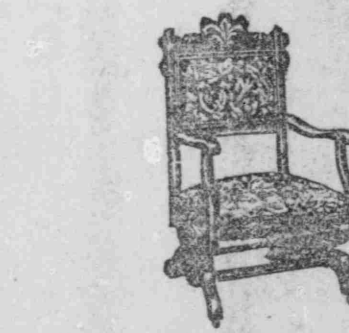
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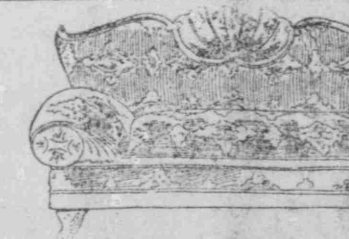
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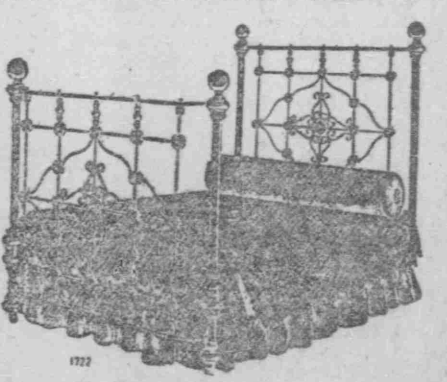
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ONE OF THE MAN'S COMPANIONS TURNED UPON THE NEW COMER.

grasped tightly a cudgel he had that day cut, and ran to the spot where it was evident that a conflict was going on. It was but some forty yards away, and as he approached he made out four figures who were dodging round a doorway and were evidently attacking some one standing there. The inequality of the combat was sufficient to appeal to the sailor's sympathies. The sand that lay thick in the street had deadened his footsteps, and his presence was unmarked till his stick descended with a sharp crack on the upturned wrist of one of the assailants, eliciting a yell of pain, while the knife he held flew across the street.

One of the man's companions turned upon the new comer, but the sailor's arm was already raised and the cudgel lighted with such force on the man's head, that he fell, stunned, to the ground. This unexpected assault caused the other two fellows to pause and look around, and in an instant the defender of the doorway bounded forward, and hurled his knife in one of their bodies, while the other at once fled, followed by the man whose wrist had been broken by the sailor's first blow.

"Carambo, senior!" the Mexican said, "You have rendered me a service indeed, and I tender you a thousand thanks. I could not have held out much longer, for I had been more than once wounded before you arrived."

"You are heartily welcome, senior. It was but a slight business, two blows with my stick and the matter was done."

"You are not a countryman of mine, senior," the other said, for the sailor spoke with a strong accent, "you are

barrel down at the wharf, wondering what I was going to do, and whether, after all, it would not have been wiser of me to have put up with that brute of a captain until we got down to Valparaiso."

"We will talk all that matter over later," the Mexican said. "I am staying with some friends, who will, I am sure, be glad to welcome me when I tell them that you saved my life."

"I thank you very much," the sailor said, "but no doubt I shall be able to find some little inn where I can obtain a night's lodging."

"Such a thing is not to be thought of," senior Harland, and I shall feel very much hurt if you do not accept my offer."

"They were now in a wider street, and, passing a wine shop from which the light streamed out, Harland saw that the Mexican was a young fellow but and three years older than himself, and his dress showed him to belong to the upper class. The Mexican's glance had been as quick as his own, for he said, "Why, you are younger than I am."

"I am just 18."

"And I 20; were you an officer on your ship?"

"No. My father is one of the leading citizens of Boston; he absolutely refused to allow me to follow the sea as a profession, although he is a large shipowner himself; however, my mind was made up, and as I could not get an officer's commission, I came as a sailor. This was my first voyage, for two years ago he let me sail in one of his ships as an apprentice, making sure that it would have the effect of disgusting me with the sea. However, the experiment failed and when I returned even fonder of it than when I started. He wanted me to go into his office, but I positively refused, and we had a serious quarrel, at the end of which I went down to the river and shipped before the mast. I know now that I have behaved like a fool. The captain was a brute of the worst sort, and the first mate was worse, and between them they made the ship a hell. I stood it as long as I could, but three days before we got to this port one of the young apprentices, whom they had pretty nearly killed, jumped overboard, and then I made up my mind that as soon as I was landed I would bolt and take my chance of getting a berth on board some other ship."

"But you speak Spanish very fairly, senior."

"Well, the last ship I was in traded along the western coast, putting in at every little port, so I picked up a good deal of the language, for we were out here nearly six months. The ship I have just left did the same, so I have had nearly a year on this coast, and having learnt Latin at school, of course it helped me very much. And you, senior, how do you come to speak English?"

"I have been down for the last six months in Valparaiso, staying with a relation who has a house there, and my greatest friends there were some young Englishmen of my own age, sons of a merchant. My father had spoken of my paying a visit to your states some day, and therefore I was glad of the opportunity of learning the language. This, senior, is the house of my friends."

As Harland saw that his companion would take no denial he followed him into the house. The young Mexican led the way to a pretty room with windows to the ground, opening onto a garden.

"You are late, senior Juan," a gentleman said, rising from his seat, but before the young man could reply a girl of 15 or 16 years cried out, "Madre Maria, he is wounded."

"It is nothing serious, and I had almost forgotten it till just now it began to smart. I have two, or, I think, three stubs on my left arm; they are not very deep, as I twisted my cloak round it when I was attacked, but it would have been a very serious business had it not been for this gentleman, whom I wish to introduce to you, Don Guzman, as the savior of my life. He is an American gentleman, the son of a wealthy ship-owner of Boston, but owing to some slight disagreement with his father, he has worked his way out here as a sailor. I



Christina.

man. He began by making a sort of treaty with the Indians of that part, by which he agreed to give them a considerable amount of blankets and other goods if they would bind themselves not to interfere with him in any way. These people have generally proved themselves faithful in such matters, but this has proved an exception to the rule, and I believe that he has not lost a single head of cattle since he went there, and he is now undoubtedly one of the richest men on this coast. The fact that he should send his son on to Chile to enlarge his mind and prepare him for a trip to the United States, and even to Europe, shows the energy of the man, and how far removed his ideas are from those of the hacendados in general. I can assure you that Juan's departure



I Wish to Introduce Don Guzman as the Savior of My Life.

a stranger, and as I can now see, a sailor."

"That is so, I am an American."

"Is that so," the other said, speaking this time in English. "As you see, I know about as much of your tongue as you do of mine. I thought you must be a stranger even before I observed your dress, for street frays are not uncommon in this town, whereas in other parts there are scores of men ready for any villainy, and few of my people would care to interfere in a fray in which they have no interest. But do not let us stay here. It is best to get out of this quarter."

"Shall we do anything with these fellows? The one I hit can only be stunned, and I should think we ought to give him in charge to the watch."

The other laughed. "You might wait some time before we found them, and,